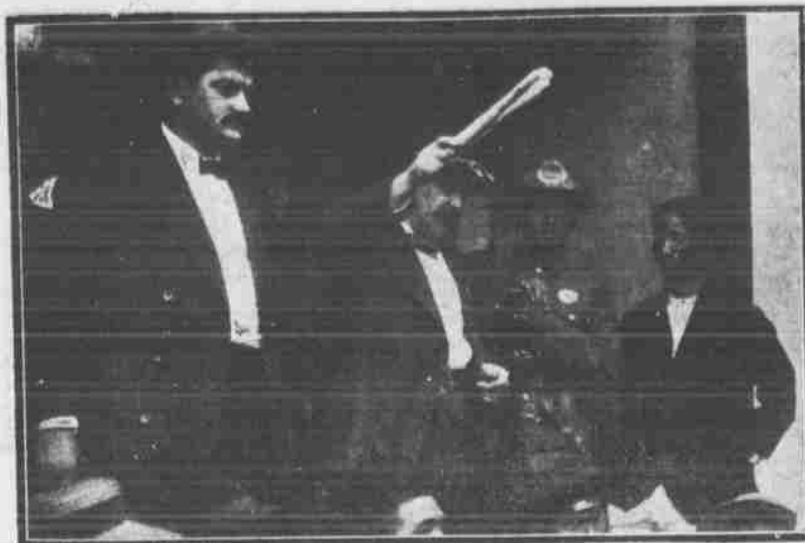


HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1909.

## WAIMANALO STRIKE PICTURES



The above is a picture of Deputy High Sheriff Chester Doyle addressing the crowd of Japanese strikers at Waimanalo. Doyle's speech was in the Japanese language, and had a quietening effect, as it made many of his hearers, who had not understood the significance of their action, realize how gravely they were in conflict with the law when they riotously interfered with the police. City and County Sheriff Jarrett and an officer are on either side of Doyle.

**ALOHA PARK**  
OPEN AIR  
**MOTION PICTURES**  
OPPOSITE THE EMPIRE.

Admission .....10c  
Reserved .....15c



The above picture shows City and County Sheriff Jarrett and other police surrounded by the Waimanalo mob. W. F. Sabin, of The Star staff, being among those shown near the sheriff. It will be noticed that one of the Japanese, having discovered that a photographer was at work, covered his

## CRICKET MATCH

The cricket contest between the teams of Theo. H. Davies & Company and Bishop & Company will be played off on the Makiki grounds this afternoon, the start being made at 2:30 o'clock. Friends of the sport are cordially invited to be present.

The Davies & Company team will consist of the following excellent players: S. Beardmore, A. R. Hatfield, Donald Ross, H. S. Gray, H. Bailey, Sumner, H. Burns, Paul Burns, Geo. F. Davies, Jack Kia and Judge W. L. Stanley. Mr. Beardmore is the team captain.

The champion Bishop & Company team is as follows: J. L. Cockburn, Captain; Anderson, Jamieson, Sinclair, Baird, Simpson, MacConnel, Waterhouse, Louis, Cantley and MacKenzie.

## GNAGG SYMPATHIZES WITH MRS GNAGG

(New York Sun)  
Mr. Gnagg, finding Mrs. Gnagg stretched out on the sitting room couch with a headache, seeks upon his arrival home from business to alleviate her suffering as follows:

Hello, there; What's up now, eh? Another of those headaches of yours? Well, well! Getting chronic, aren't they? Whatcha s'pose causes 'em, anyhow? Must be some reason for 'em.

..... don't get headaches for no reason at all and simply as a matter of course. There must be something behind 'em. That's plain common sense. Maybe you've noticed that I don't have sick headaches. I'm not gloating over that, but just mentioning it for the purpose of showing you that people who abide by the ordinary everyday rules of health are not afflicted with such ailments.

Whatcha been eating? Did you have cucumbers and milk for lunch? Or crab meat and ice cream? Must have been something like that. Folks don't get headaches from sitting down and twiddling their fingers or from looking out of the window or from fanning themselves with a palm leaf fan or from telephoning their order for the day's groceries, you know.

How's that? You don't know what caused your headache? Now, my dear woman, who said that you did know? Was there ever a woman alive that did know what caused any of her ailments or that would acknowledge what causes 'em if she know all about the cause?

Not that I ever heard of. I wouldn't expect you to acknowledge it if you'd been eating powdered glass and Paris green. Women for some reason or other seem to look upon it as a crime to be ill and therefore they—

How's that? It's the women's husbands who seem to look upon it as a crime for their wives to be ill?

Now that's a pretty mean crack, if you're asking me, but of course I am deterred from saying anything about face with his hat, by way of avoiding having his picture taken. Possibly he not want to run risks of identification.

It. It's like a woman to take advantage of being a little under the weather to say anything that she infernally pleases. I'd like to know where you'd find a husband who's more considerate of his wife when she's sick than I am.

Of course it's only natural that I should entertain certain unspoken

suspensions as to the cause of your illness—suspensions as to the insane kinds of combinations of food that you eat—but I rarely even advert to such matters. When I advert to them at all it is solely for the purpose of trying to find out exactly what ails you in order to help you through.

So you haven't been eating raw onions and chocolate fudge in alternate mouthfuls? Well, what did you have for luncheon then? Just a bowl of milk and some graham wafers? Ha,

ha! Well, that's an ingenious reply, anyhow. If it's nothing else! A pretty swell answer for anybody's money.

However, seeing that it's perfectly apparent that you don't intend to be frank with me, why, I might just as well accept what you say as if you meant it and find out if there isn't some way of getting you on your feet. You know perfectly well that I feel sorry for anybody that's sick but then

(Continued on page twelve.)

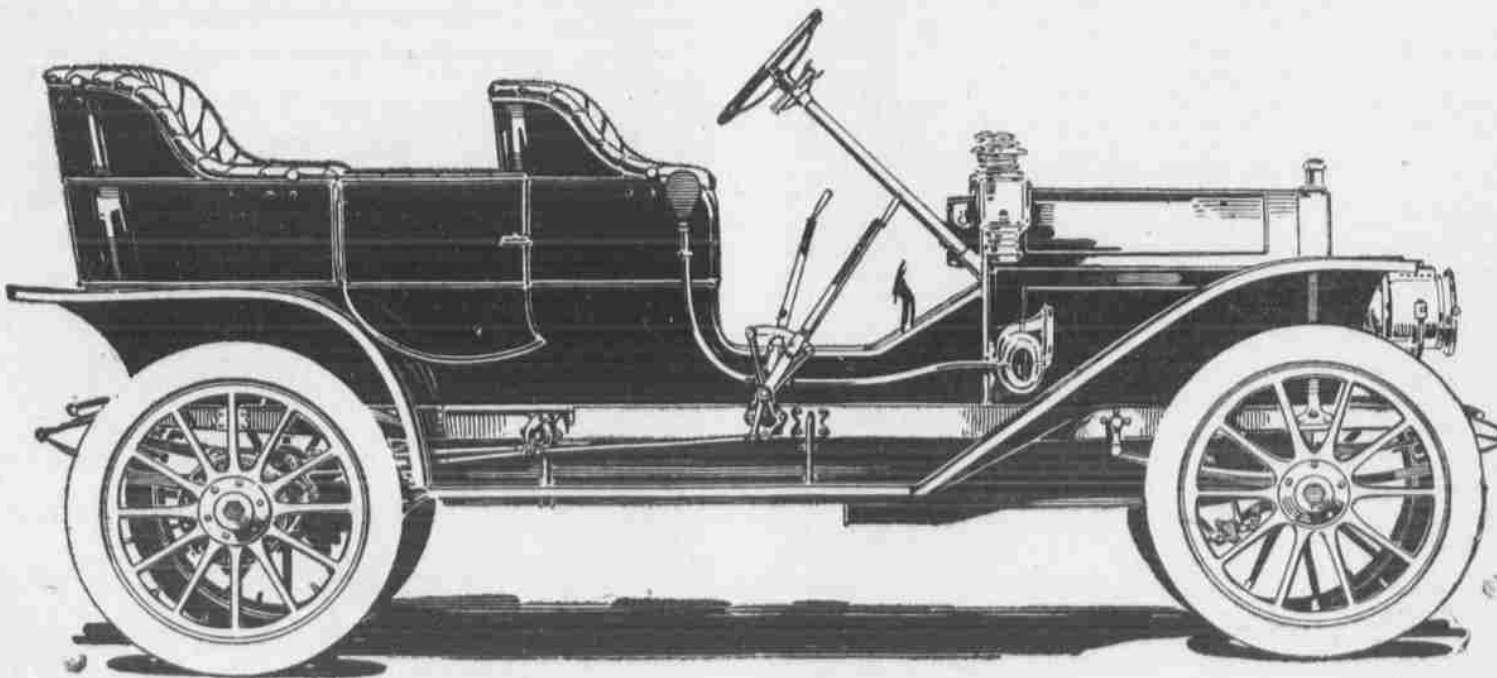


The Sugar Trust—Alphonse, push tush! I care not for your papers.

# THE E. M. F. "30"

This is the Five-Passenger E. M. F. Studebaker Touring Car, fully equipped and ready for a speed or endurance run over any kind of smooth or rough country in any kind of weather.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Note its sturdy build and, at the same time, its fine lines. Is it any wonder that this magnificent machine has taken such a hold upon the people? \* \* \* \* \*



\*\*\*\*\*  
The E. M. F. "30" is built for strength, for its lasting qualities, and for comfort. Besides it has all the speed needed by any sane person. \* \* \*

The Price of the Touring Car is Only \$1,250, F. O. B. Factory.

—TWO NEW MACHINES LANDED AND UNPACKED TO-DAY—

The E. M. F. Studebaker "30" has, in the past two or three years, been subjected to some of the severest endurance tests ever imposed upon a machine, and came out of these terrible trials with records unsurpassed in the history of automobiling. \* \* \* \* \*

If in the city, call and let us give you a Free Demonstration. If in the country, write us for a Free Booklet. \* \* \* \* \*

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